

# CABARET

THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

**ROSEMARY  
CLOONEY**  
TOMBOY WITH  
TALENT

**EVELYN WEST:**  
WHY STRIPPERS  
SHOULD  
STAY SINGLE

WHAT MAKES  
JERRY LEWIS  
GO?

**PINUP ART  
IN FULL  
COLOR**



**AMERICA'S MOST SAVAGE STRIPPER**

DOLores DEL RAYE, Cabaret's main attraction for May, is a strong contender for top honors in the show business, for she has pulled her career in these short years into top billing across the nation. But in *Forbidden Things* we learn in his story about her on page 24, she is also a girl who takes no nonsense from movie cameras unless, whether they are fast or not.

COVER



## SPOTLIGHT

THERE HAS BEEN a lot of talk over the past few years about the loss of movie influences which are rubbing away at America's night life, reducing it from glittering grandeur to a dim and faded shadow.

Yet the picture that Cabaret's writers and photographers report each month is far different. Seating into their accustomed chair at the front table there are unfolding before them a panorama of excitement and excitement unrivaled, for all that the old timers say about the gold old days.

And, as the places and personalities presented in this issue prove, the old amusements are not wholly gone. Greenwich Village, traditional center of vibrant entertainment is still there. The village, as Martin Cooper tells in his article about it, is still a fertile plot producing much in the way of good fun. New personalities on the night life scene offer another indication that the show isn't going down. On the contrary, Dolores Del Raye, a beauty who is much too smart to board a ghost ship, and is introduced in this issue.

Speaking of new faces, featured in this issue is Cabaret's own appraisal of the new look on an old dame—the delicious Jerry Lewis' new personality as a singer. Jack Wilson gives an intimate backstage and offstage view of the most talked-about culture entertainer.



## SHOWGIRL OF THE MONTH

JERRY ARNOLD, the singer, who also takes Cabaret's spotlight this month, is, at 22, a mixture of both stars in the Cabaret circuit, and has been nominated for the "West Coast" title of the "West Coastful Girl on Broadway" by the men who know—the theatrical photographers.

# CABARET®

THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



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# WHAT MAKES JERRY LEWIS go?

*Any couple of nation's hottest vaudeville double has blossomed out as triple threat single with tax and willingness to travel in search of new entertainment triumphs.*

*By Jack Willner*

**HEATING** out each way in "Rockin'" (left) and glowing before microphone (below), Jerry Lewis captures night club with new act





**T**HERE IS no doubt any more. The new Jerry Lewis has soared across the entertainment world like a comet whose flaming path cannot be stopped. The country's best two-run team has become the number one single—off in a matter of a few short months. As one Chicago reviewer put it: "Jerry Lewis is no longer merely a comedian. He has become a great performer, one who someday will be ranked with the great ones of the American stage. All the remarkable talent he has is finally being channeled into a smooth, deeply running stream made up of equal portions of wit, charm, pathos, and camp-and-lance."

When the smoke cleared after the dissolution of the Martin-Lewis empire, which earned \$10 million in 10 short years, the spotlight focused on a new Jerry Lewis. Could the comic, for all his girth, energy and talent, long survive without the support of his easy-going, talented foil, Dean Martin? Would his funny face be as funny without Martin to stretch his mouth out of shape, to provide relief



**ENDING WITH AUDIENCE.** Lewis smiles regardless to chat (top), then in spite of her embarrassment (bottom), to sing. As she does (bottom) her guests smile, say "Don't rush, you can't sing." Such happy cracks, delivered with Lewis' charm, somehow avert of loud audience, instead make even best of joke laugh with rest of audience.





**PERFORM STOP FRANK** Lewis quips with audience in offhand manner. He believes it essential to inject personal element in act.

from the iconic Lewis humor with his relaxed, easy staging? The answer, in a resounding affirmative, has been given by a personality which was known during the years of the partnership only to friends of the pair, but which has emerged full-fledged into the spotlight when Jerry went on his own.

What is this personality? How does it change on the stage to make the Lewis half of the Martin-Lewis combo a whole instead of a half? What is it that emerges as Jerry Lewis works alone?

As one critic summed it up, it amounts to the fact that "Jerry Lewis, who had all the charm and appeal of a little boy when he worked with Dean Martin, has now become a man. He has added the skills of the well-timed, seasoned adult entertainer to the laughable cleavage of the Title boy, and come up with something that can prove as explosive an entertainment combination as those provided by a Cohen, a Johnson or a Cantor.

So far, everything Jerry has touched has turned to gold for him—even records, a field dominated by the easy success, more raffish Dean, and one which the record makers said Jerry would be a hard to enter with serious songs. But today, his "Just Sings" album and "Rockabye" single have become solid hits.

Developments in the record field are symptomatic of

**WATCHING TELEVISION** at head table, Jerry sees minute details to change them, gives role his-her's reactions to night's television shows.





**PROUD PARENT** Jerry games with pretty wife, Paula and youngest of his sons Scott. Two other sons are Roman, 7 and Gary, 11

everything that has happened to Jerry since the split. "Back in 1949 I offered to do some straight singing for one of the record companies," he recalls. "They told me I was an idiot, and now look what's happened."

Jerry, who has correspondence to prove this really happened, takes understandable satisfaction in this as well as the rest of his many successes. They include such diverse things as serious moonwalking—something he practiced only as a hobby for the amusement of himself and his Hollywood friends—and dancing, used to good advantage in his new act.

But the biggest triumph, of course, is in his impact as a single. "I know that I would have to avoid comparisons and go in a different direction," he says of his new act. "But I'm not a standup comedian. I can't stand out there alone and just tell jokes for the whole show. I need situations, and settings."

The format for the new act was hammered out in about a week at Jerry's home in Beverly Hills before his Las Vegas opening last winter. It included a talented troupe of male dancers, the Arringtons, and six in the form of Georgine Dancy, a carefree dancer, and Judy Scott, a singer who belts out a song with as much vigor as the star of the show.

The Las Vegas opening was a hit, but it wasn't felt to be a true test, because of the holiday mood prevailing all year round at the famous Nevada vacation center. A lot of the patrons were there because of the finer attractions on his bank with Dean, and another by the thunderous applause, but still present, were. (Continued on page 51)



**OFFSTAGE** with supporting cast of new act, Lewis plays cupid in a dancing class conducted by carefree dancer Georgine Dancy.





**EARL BROWDER** and slender thought is caught by camera as muscular **Walter Lewis** talks shop with members of band.



**CROWDING** newspaper boards attest Jerry's popularity by mobbing him at record store



**READING OF SPLIT** with partner **Walter Lewis**, reads poem at January **CABARET**

# AMERICA'S MOST SAVAGE STRIPPER



**LOUNGING IT UP** is one tender feature in Del Ray's specialty. She has infinite variety of ways to put all concerned to places more than once.

Pacing burlesque stages like a tigress, Belures Del Ray is a belligerent brunette beauty who frightens the yell out of men.



By Franklin Thistle

SOME MONTHS AGO, guests in a midtown Manhattan hotel were treated to a rare and entertaining spectacle as, aroused by shouts and sounds like pistol shots, they flung open their doors and peered out to see what was the matter. Before their aroused eyes there unfolded in the hall a most remarkable scene of the old Roman days. In the lead, a portly, respectable-looking gent with his costly expensive clothes in some disarray, in the rear, and cowering up last, a curvaceous, moon-haired beauty with the fire of righteous wrath in her flashing black eyes, and an enormous bull whip in her strong right hand. As the strange procession rapped down the hall, the lady flaked her quarry a series of ascending cracks with the whip, all the while shouting, "Dance, dance, you swartling Romeo!" The gent, between puffa at his unaccounted nausea, awaiting plans for mercy until an elevator door opened and offered him its blessed sanctuary. As the silent doors closed on the shuddering



WILLIAMS BIG WHIP as mistress yet, Dekkers handles it with skill of professional disciplinarian. Her size found it effective for softening.



**PROMOTING CHARM** is not difficult job for cosmopolitan women who know how to carry costumes and acts continuously to retain freshness. She designs own costumes to attract plenty of color and brightness.

Roman, the story has called her wing, and without excuse or explanation, tip-tooped her high heeled way back to her room, slammed the door with finality.

It is incidents like this, spread over the space of only a few years, but talked of from Baltimore to Baja, California, that have given Dolores Del Rizo her reputation as the stripper who frightens men—one of the most volcanic personalities in all show business, and certainly America's most savage lass in the strip brigade, when her ire is aroused.

Certainly, at first glance, the casual observer would hardly think it of this petite package of pulchritude, whose unassuming manner and wholesome good looks often cause her to be mistaken for a career girl, or a college coed.

As a matter of fact, most of Dolores' anger is expressed during her exotic act, and not ordinarily as part of the charming personality which she displays to the world, but she is not prone to unleashing the full fury of her temper on anyone who oversteps the bounds of propriety, as in the case at point.

"Actually, one of my big problems in life has always been convincing the overly-ardent members of the opposite sex that I'm to be seen and not touched," says the homely beauty of the blues circuits. "I suppose my act is kind of a defense, because if I seem too



POWDER PUFF entrances and growls her reactions of Dolores always make her "striking room only" signs where she appears.



EXPOSING more domestic side of unbridled life, curvaceous actress displays typical girl-next-door habits. She has large collection of rhythm and blues records, is particularly smitten and flies to men magazines that have lots of pics and few words, while relaxing

hot to handle, then some will feel like testing the temperature."

The act, incidentally, features the same long and easy bull whip which so impressed the Manhattan critics, a prop which Dolores uses in her Masquerade dance routine and handles with the professional skill of a lion tamer.

Naturally, Dolores doesn't intentionally try to delight supper club patrons with her bull whip. On the contrary, like any top stripper, she works hard to captivate coherent



**FORBIDDEN ON DRUG** Dolores prepares to enter after long evening on stage. She looks shy and nervous, but is as well

patrons, by making her dance routine "as alluring as possible."

Once, however, she gave way to an overpowering impulse to teach a heckler a lesson he would never forget, and decided on her policy as a result. The incident occurred several years ago on her opening night at a club in Baltimore, Maryland.

Dolores tells the story: "During our first two performances of the evening a party. (Continued on page 50)

Varied night life of Village has earned it reputation as New York's naughtiest neighborhood, still going strong in spite of passing years.



ZANY CHAIRS at Robinson 4th, Greenwich Village are still electrifying, where wild multitude of nightgoers during both sides of street.





# GREENWICH VILLAGE; THE MECCA FOR MADCAP MERRIMENT

By Leonard Bennett

AT ONE TIME or another during its 200 years of existence, New York's infamous Greenwich Village has been called the American home of Bohemia, the art mecca of the United States, the haven for free love, and, to quote every seventh-rate comic in the world, the place where they screw you and you can't tell the difference.

Each of these appellations once fitted. Some still do.

The state of mind called The Village has through the years housed tenants such as Edgar Allan Poe, Henry James, Eugene O'Neill, Mark Twain, G. K. Chesterton, and Edna St. Vincent Millay who in their backstreet haunts produced some of



VILLAGE FUNFARE is divided up in various ways depending on one of today's wits. Some settle for early-evening cocktails like that of Sally Christie (left), others go for broke at cheap saloons like boozed Jimmy Dunlop (right) plus Ben Ziss (right).

this country's most enduring literary media. Winslow Homer painted here, George Washington slept here, Aaron Burr died here, and some of the nation's most colorful brothel keepers practiced their crafts here.

Although night life of every conceivable type of prostitution is still apparent in this Manhattan area which goes from 14th Street to Canal Street and from the Hudson River to 3rd Avenue, a lot of changes have taken place since its 1935 heyday. Probably the most important one is that the overall feeling of seamy and sleazy is noticeably reduced. But the visitor can still find most vices available in the Village, though not necessarily with same accommodation that he might find in any other like community. There are, however, few communities like it.

The history of Greenwich Village is a ledger for the libido traces back to shortly after the Civil War. As uptown streets such as Park Avenue became fashionable, wealthy Villagers moved out of their Washington Square mansions to take residence with the margined boi pollos. Into the mansions moved young artists, painters, writers and actors, all of them brought together by two relationships in common: they were poor, and they were rebels against what they considered to be the stuffy sexual standards of the country.

In order to meet the high arts, dozens of them would live in the houses together. They would eat together, work together and, because no one arranged for the men to be separated from the women, sleep together. The word got around, naturally, that her channels were nightly occurrences in Washington Square, and the reputation



HAPPY MIKE INSPECTOR enjoys views of Bonny Beverly Jane at Ronni's Green club.

**CAVORTING STRIPPERS** were then held their own against stiff competition of drug dealers and jazz purveyors in Greenwich Village. Crowd pleasing (beyond from (below) his lines at some Village post palace for three months with possible undisturbed run as there for their survival act





**TORRID STRIP** repeated Village Rhythms is performed by Jane Mark, popular East Coast exotic. Though burlesque is banned in New York, it's her fringing display fails to lose sophisticated mixed audience who continue rather unimpressed



VILLAGE INHABITANTS pass time watching wits at chess (above) while landscape (right) prepares to provide entertainment of less intellectual nature.

given to the extent that even today out-of-towners will take downtown as search of the depravity they've heard taken place behind every locked door.

Actually, the Depression Prohibition period was the most actively thrilling seeking and thrill-providing in downtown Manhattan, and anyone in the market for kicks he couldn't—and probably wouldn't want to—find in his own staid neighborhood, found them here.

Offbeat cabarets by the tons had become big business and, from the spectator point of view, sex in many forms was a major commodity in cabarets. "Drag" shows—acts wherein entertainers of one sex wear the clothes of and impersonate the opposite sex—really took hold here for the first time, after having been a successfully accepted branch of show business in Europe for years. Womanly men and mannish women who, until then, had had little legitimate outlet for exhibiting themselves for money, got the chance when it became evident that patronizers were willing to pay well to watch the strange drama of beautiful men and handsome girls strutting their queer stuff.

Far wilder and less inhibited in the 30's, male and female impersonation was Greenwich Village's chief money asset, and live performing hotels were barred in the south of near obscenity was reached on stage. Like the swallowing of goldfish, drag shows were suddenly something new and thrilling, and each night club owner who specialized in . . . (Continued on page 52)





**SHORT-SLEEVED MACHISMO** (right) is presented gold key to Paramount's dressing room. She comes pleasure with business (bottom) as only of post

# ROSEMARY CLOONEY: the tomboy with talent



Despite her gentler gender, Clooney, the  
hugely beauty of show biz, has worked  
her way to record-level recognition as  
King Crosby's closest counterpart.

*By Alfred Inghetti*

**E**VEN since the great groover, Bing Crosby, hit his stride more years ago than Bing cares to remember, aspiring young singers have been trying to emulate "Der Bingle's" carefree, casual style. While some of the male crooners never close, none of them succeeded in capturing his easy, melancholy way of putting a song across—it took a daffodil singer to do it. She is Rosemary Clooney, 23-year-old star of stage, screen, and night clubs who is now cutting a wide swath across all fields of entertainment endeavor and scoring at every base.

No less of an authority than Mitch Miller, the bearded genius at the helm of Columbia Records' pop music section, has bestowed the accolade on Rose. "She's a female Bing," he says. "She's a great talent. Sings anything, high or low. And does it in one take. Like Crosby."

There are three reasons to support the argument that Rose Clooney rates as a female edition of Crosby. They are her versatility, ease in singing, and nonchalant attitude about the whole thing.



CHIPPING across time during voice lesson master, "Red Garters." Rosemary Clooney displays ease and versatility at various



**HAPPY COUPLE**, Broadway and husband, distinguished interrogative: Joe Perry, first met during personal appearance he made for "Cyrano de Bergerac" in fall of 1936. After first meeting he "just kept running into Rene" until he fell in love with her



**BIRTHDAY PARTY** occurred on stage for during showing of "White Christmas." Group includes (left to right) guests of honor, King Paul and Queen Frederica of Greece, pulling menu card, Vera Ellen, Danny Kaye and Bette.





**TOMBOY** Hutton refuses indulgence in wholesome conduct, preferring that to night clubbing. Here she is about to take dip in private pool.



**GLAMOUR KIDS**, Betty, Neil and Rose pose together at shooting of film she starred in, "The Street That Never Sleeps."

Rose stars in the neighborhood department and has become almost legendary in Hollywood for her tomboyish attitudes about dress, make-up, and an indifference for "putting on the dog" which is probably only equaled by one other performer—her idol, Bing.

Thus has been a lifetime attitude for her. Back in her teen days, Rosemary and her sister Betty went to a singing audition for band leader Tony Pastor in bubble-gum costume with their hair wet from swimming. Recently at a recording session the Clooney hair was so impregnable as a jam session and there was no hint of makeup on her face.



**BETWEEN SHOTS** in "Sleeping With the Enemy," Clooney relaxes with fellow performer, Christian Fawcett, 2.

Marked Dietrich, a close friend and admirer of Rosemary's was also there at the session. She offered to let Rose use her lipstick.

"Why do I need that?" Rosemary asked her. "I'm working."

Miss Dietrich pointed out that there were photographers around who were also working, but Rose paid them no heed.

Rose showed a similar disregard for glamor regulations when she screen-tested in Hollywood. Friends warned her against wearing white dresses.— (Continued on page 54)

# CABARETS,



RHONDA FLEMING

Orson Jones

## pinup art

**T**HE PROBLEM with television, which is rapidly usurping the role of America's nightclub-on-the-living-room, presenting as it does all of the top stars of the night life field as well as movie and stage greats, is that the picture tube has no memory, and the faces and figures seen fleetingly on the screen cannot be recalled once the set is turned off. But so the pictures on the following pages of some of the best entertainers in the business today. Caught in moments of revelation by artists with spotlight and retouched, they remain forever, assuring your pleasure to turn the page and meet them once again.



JENNY LEE

William C. Thomas









LILY AVENS

*Kath Searcy*

BUBBLES DARLING

*P. Roy Kopp*



Don You Sweet  
A. Boney

Diana Dreyer

C. Pyle



Wendy Walker

John P. Hall









PATTI WAGON

George Spavin

FLORENCE ARNOLD  
D. BARNARD

# HAITI'S

**grass hut  
with  
glamour**



**STANDING** in front of picturesque thatched shanty, tourists and natives night clubbers are about to enter world's largest grass hut (above). Colonial has two diameter of 60 feet.

**Famed Cuban Chaconne offers  
spice-tingling voodoo rituals  
amidst jungle grandeur of  
hanging moss and pulsating drums**



**GEORGES ERON** (above), manager of Sabalero Cabaon, encourages guests to use outdoor stage area (right) for dancing during intervals between shows.





PERFORMING before appreciative American guests, Fanny Adams recaptured essence of "Volupté," ancient dance song. Grand Chaparral (in background) impressively contrasts with primitive Calson structure. Guests will pack great money for evening's fun.

## Big Henry Durling

THE WOODCO LAND of Hana is a country of contrasts. It is immediately apparent to the visitor as his plane wings its above grass chaotic huddled nest to sparkling new public housing units and sweeps low over a gleaming highway shaded by butter-burner canopies and sleek, black Cadillacs. The heady air of deep contrast extends farthest into the Halian night life with the sublime and the ridiculous but a twenty-five cent bus ride apart.

However, the epitome of the Hana's after dark world, the open where the opposite ends of the pole come together is in a grass shack—the humblest of its kind in the world. This is Calson Chaussonne. Among the regular Calson patrons are King Haglens and his lady, members of the diplomatic corps, visiting dignitaries, scores of tourists, and localites who are well aware of the wonders of the Calson.

Even the conception of the huge circular hut is an staff a combination of the new and the old, the ultra luxurious and the very earthy. Designed by an engineer and architect who got his training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology it is built of the oldest materials known to man. Ropes, hand-hewn beams support the grass-plastered ceiling. Rainwater is poured through a low, slatted veritable. Spanish moss hangs from the roughest beams which support thick, brush. A multitude of small yellow lights cast a phantasmic, African aura over the whole interior.

Most of the guests at the Cabaret are seated at tiny circular tables where they sample the wonders of the native rum drinks. In a flash it's shoot-time. The yellow glow disappears and is replaced by the only kind of darkness that can exist in a huge grass hut. A pin-point spotlight pinpoints the dancers and finds a tall, thin woman in a dark, satin white evening dress.

"Twilight," she tells the glittering audience, "we would like to present for your enjoyment some of Haiti's folk dances, the Vodoun dances that were first brought here by the original slaves from Africa."

Then the thrilling drama takes over and dominates the scene. They hear out a message that tells the story of a people, who were gay despite great oppression, who managed to organize a caribbean culture that is centered on melodic sound.

The pulsating beat of the drums and the mercurial clink of the calonge accompany the traditional "Dance Boule," which is performed by a youth in an extravagant white dress and splashed with crimson. His partner is a beautiful young barefoot girl. In the symbolic dance, she is paid a visit by death—in the form of Boule. She tells him with her vibrant, meaningful turns and dips to come another time.



VAULTING in air, Boule (right) goes still in barefoot beauty. Audience is tense during act but thrilling folk dance ends happily as girl (right) tells Boule to come another time.





**SLOW MOTION** Mass dance in intimate, authentic setting, ritual of love in which each movement has significant meaning. Taken in one of few island villages which have not modified custom traditions by adopting modern cinematographical features into their shows.

**DANCERS** (left) perform harvest dance while island's top drummer (right) drums out jungle beat.





DANCE NIGHTS at Cabaña are more than footloose, take form of social event which draws mixed throng of local burghers, white, black tourists to record performers of huge circular dance floor as Vaudeville dances are performed by brightly-costumed dance troupes.



RHYTHM BELIEF of Cabaña contrasts with the clothes of patrons, but inevitable shows foot-loose visitors to give hot nightish.

dips to some more sober tone.

All the native dances are colorful and thrive in the heat of the deep, vibrant drum sounds. This is especially true of the dance that pays honor to the big, booming Astor drum, which is reserved for special fiestas and dances. The dance reaches its climax when four tall backs spring high from the Cabaña floor and, one by one, beat the huge eight-foot drum, evoking a booming response that reverberates throughout the huge hall like a triple canon shot on billiards. The ritual is usually the climax of the Cabaña show and as the thrilling beat slowly dies away, the yellow lights appear again and it is dance time for the customers.

In Haiti, where the unexpected is expected and where the ordinary is shunned in preference to the extraordinary, it is no wonder that a girl from Brooklyn prevails over the show at the Cabaña which is 800 per cent native Haitian. The girl is Lucinda Williams, a one-time member of Katherine Dunham's famous dance troupe. Lucinda is charged with the responsibility of revivifying and preserving Vaudeville dances as an important part of the Haitian folklore. She has charge of the national dance troupe which performs at the Cabaña.

The Cabaña has been in existence since 1940, though some of the early visitors would not recognize it now. It has been rebuilt three times, most recently when fire damaged a part of it. It (Continued on page 37)



*"I regret to say, Madame, that our credit department must draw the line somewhere."*

# evelyn west:



## why strippers should stay single

One of *cabaret*'s top exotics reveals how stripper's career can put marriage on rocks and vice versa, says strippers should wait until retirement for romance.

By Evelyn West

*(In the April issue of CABARET, stripper Rita Grable gave her version of why strippers make better wives than girls outside the entertainment field. She said the talent-off girls were more understanding and tolerant. Now Evelyn West, herself a famed gal, takes over to take the other side of the question.)*

**A**STREETPEASER who wears a spouse at the beginning or at the height of her career is a little like the sword swallower who comes to work with a sore throat, his job isn't going to be as tasty as usual, and so time the audience will catch on to the fact.

Last month Rita Grable had some things to say in *Cabaret* about strippers as wives. She seemed to believe that dancers make wonderful candidates for the MRS. degree—even more so than girls who prepare for no business other than marriage from the time they learn to talk—and she backed up this belief with what she must have imagined were perfect reasons. That prostitutes know more about how to keep a man happy in the layflat than non-prostitutes do, that they get so much love from the applause of men in the audience that they don't require nearly so much from a husband and so on.





**DISPLAYING PERSONALITY** and good looks which have brought her fabulous success as striptease profession, Evelyn West explains these professional secrets and become international sensation. She says even understanding bodies might find it hard to accept intimate correspondence and expensive presents received by spicy quips, not to mention male fans directed at her on stage.



Now all this sounds as if it ought to hold water, and I'm not going to quarrel with most of her arguments. Especially the obvious one that if a divorcee's dexterity in the ancient art of swimming can't keep a hubby from developing a roving eye, nothing can.

Sex is our business, and we certainly ought to know what we're juggling about.

But I take plenty of issue with her as anyone else in the strip-tearoom who say that a gal who makes a living by moving her better parts for the purpose of exciting men can also make a 100% score as a wife. Sure, it's possible. It's also possible to brush your teeth with Dutch Ginseer.



**FROLICKING IN WATER** is female outdoor activity of afternoon Evelyn. Pretty water has not as clung to her wiggles, swimming up spaces as marriage with husband. Indisputable slogan, "It's better to keep a million men happy than to keep one man worried."



**SHOWING COQUETTERILY** heads untethered telephone, Evelyn relaxes on luxuriously stretched bed. Before her phone became top secret link, snapper received many calls from strangers requesting favors that resulted from one of her photographs in her hand on evenings

Speaking for myself, I've had the urge to make with the vine covered cottages and rose petals lot. But I've always had sense enough to get under the covers and rest until the urge passed over. A few times I've even been as close to the altar as a grand as in a bump. But there, too, I've shuddered out before the minister preached the fatal monologues.

Don't get the idea I'm coming out against wedding bells—even for me. I'm only saying that if I'd gone through with it at a time when I was (as I am now) enjoying a bigger income than any bank president, as well as having more night and day fun than Mr. Ideal could offer me in a knot-tying arrangement, I'd be a likely prospect for a stout jacket.

The biggest argument against marriage for a snapper is that all the strikes (Continued on page 55)



**SHOWING FIVE** (right) lounge with dancing feet and quivering (above) at home, Evelyn bolsters her arguments



## THE WORLD'S BIGGEST NIGHT CLUB



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR views of Stanley Blumstein's "Village" illustrate mammoth size of unique venue. Lavish main dining room includes two carving, glass staircases from which 11 carry elevators descend. Shimmering reflects hundreds of sparkling stars.

With an army of 100 serving 2,000 nightly, Blumstein's

625,000 square feet is Boston's claim to coherent fame.

### By Arch Agnew

ON MARCH 17, 1776, George Washington's troops turned their cannons on a section of South Boston where the British were heavily entrenched, opened fire, and blasted the Redcoats from their position to win the battle. Today, the site of the English encampment is occupied by another kind of valiant army of campfollowers, sighted as on by thousands of entertainment seekers weekly, and grimly holding out against the onslaught of television, movies and all the other forces attacking the night life world.

If one counts on the battle for night life survival, this handy institution is a sure bet to win, for it is the world's largest night club, Stanley Blumstein's "Village,"



LEGS OF LAMBS, moved nimbly, belong to George Mavor-Landis (center). Foreword stars are of Durazo, Gons, Pansa, others.



**FIRMS OF TABLES** arranged long ways in capacious dining room. Villages proper vicinities with elegant cocktail lounge and separate restaurants. Menus are meticulously printed, on spurs of neatly unstacked chairs, knickered by balconies and lighted landscape printings. Village meals are meticulously printed, on spurs of neatly unstacked chairs.



**CHICKENING LADDER AND FOOD.** Flamingo keeps close tabs on two moving stars of great enterprise. Chef, Maurice Babin and George Swan, run huge kitchen, but seldom accept interviews.

a five-story edifice that may have as many as 2,000 Boston night life lovers to take the \$1.50 taxi ride from the Hub City's famed Common to enjoy such delights as only can be offered by the big, the beautiful, and the volume priced operation that is Flamingo's specialty.

Replacing the British bombs and rockets, the fireworks of Flamingo's three days are generated by such top entertainment personalities as Marguerita Piazza, Eddie Fisher, Teresa Brewer, Lena Horne, Patti Page, Frankie Laine, Guy Lombardo, Tony Martin and Jimmy Durante, supported by ten elegantly dressed imported from the Morris-Lauder agency in Las Vegas, and a top musical combo.

Approaching the club, the visitor first catches sight of the facade, painted to simulate stone and graced with European lattice windows, plus a rainbow of color in neon and pigment that makes the whole place stand out like a redhead in a crowd of brunettes. Once inside, the visitor finds himself in what appears to be the great courtyard of a sprawling Belgian village. Balconies circle the great room, tiny nooks and windows overlooking the skyline around the edge. From the ceiling, hundreds of artificial stars twinkle down while paintings and shadow boxes along the wall glow softly with their own illumination. (Continued on page 20)



IN DRESSING ROOM 10  
top: 1 is 'Angie' brother  
dancers prepare for spec-  
tacular 90 minute girl  
revue. Like cupid's on  
chests: brother. Michael  
Gayford, girls are prom-  
nent part of Village shows



## dolores del rye

(Continued from page 16)

gentleman sitting at a rumpus table kept making winks about the size of a certain part of my anatomy. It was annoying, of course, but I tried not to pay any attention to him. During my wander out for the bar alone, however, this guy made a very audible remark that was downright vulgar and I made me feel worse.

"I gave him a dirty look but he just sat there with a big cigar in his hand making wide laughs." The only thing I could think of was how much I'd like to make him stop laughing. The next thing I knew I had knocked the cigar from his hand with my whip. The fellow ran out a yell and jumped out of his chair, yelling his drink all over himself. The waitress gathered and I continued up on as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

"After the show I approached to the owner of the club for my reward. He asked me, pressed and said, 'Why, I thought that was part of your act!'"

Needless to say, the first row boys were considerably subdued for the rest of her engagement.

Delaney doesn't say, these days, how she handled her handlers and over-enthusiastic fans before she discovered the value of that bull whip, but the hat she borrows about her only now.

"I don't mind occasional winks, but there's absolutely no reason for someone thinking it is all right to make an obscene remark just because a girl's a stripper," says Dolores. "And if a fellow ever makes a real nasty crack to me, I give him a good whack

with my bull whip."

The notorious club burned the mansion of always carrying the smiling twinkle in a smile into the hot hot-hotties on exposed West. An acquaintance at Larry Porter's famed Supper Club in Hollywood.

Delaney was in town only a few days when an enterprising publicity man whisked her off to Niagara, Mexico, for an unusual-but appropriate for Delaney—publicity stunt. After a short plane ride, Delaney found herself inside a building with no windows to assure the role of a real madame. Delaney continued later that the first night at the time, although she was fully clothed for the event, because she didn't have her trusty bull whip with her. Her only means of defense against a more traditionally bull turned out to be a red G string a girl supplied her previous partners on her of the traditional tape.

While their bulls propped, Delaney had a chance to really exercise her dancing ability as the bull that had been selected to get straight to the publicity glass, danced before signs of warning to get to know the party and waving the red G-string later.

Delaney's reputation as the stripper who tightens was really gained because when her New York hotel advertised, like many strippers, she is redoubled with the a-compared toward toward of looking herself a highly desirable female in the eyes of some, and at the same time keeping at bay the males who are not content with simply viewing her charms. Strippers are often misapprehended for the rest of thing and Delaney can show one of the most novel, namely, her whip.

While she was appearing at a club in New York a professional gambler who shall remain anonymous used to drop in every night and he announced as Delaney revealed her beautiful body with studied grace. Upon returning to her dressing room, she would find baskets of fruit awaiting her with a note from her admirer requesting his company.

Some girls might have jumped at the chance to be escorted by such a well-to-do bull but Delaney maintained her propriety and, besides, she prefers fresh vegetables to fresh fruit. The guy, however, was obviously used to getting what he wanted. For a week he kept diligently deluging Delaney with baskets of fruit and she put to deluging him sending him.

Three one night as Delaney was preparing for bed in her hotel room, there came a knock on the door. "The opened a crack to see who it was and on barged the misbegotten fruit peddler.

"He and he had a great smile but me and held on a small neatly wrapped package," says Delaney. "I told him in no uncertain terms that I didn't want his present and that I wanted him to leave immediately and never bother me again. He answered that I take the watch so I took it and threw it out the window and to show him I meant what I said.

"He started moving toward me with a wild gleam in his eyes. Suddenly, he lunged and tried to grab me. I jumped back and ran to the other side of the room. He frustrated a woman and by the look on his face I knew he wasn't kidding. Then he started to run toward me. I ran around the door and he kept chasing me. I was frantic with fear. Then it dawned on me that I had my bull whip in the closet. I rushed over to the closet, grabbed the whip, and whacked around

in that line.

"When he saw the whip his eyes popped and he stopped dead. As he started to back away I pulled it out. 'You going to touch you to make your own business?' Just as he turned to take cover I lashed out with the whip and caught him right on the nose of his pants. He let out a shriek like he had been mortally wounded and dashed for the door.

"I was after him and chased him down the hall cracking my whip and yelling 'thunder, thunder.' The elevator had just stopped at the floor and he rushed into it.

"By this time people had come out of their rooms to see what the commotion was all about. They must have thought I was crazy. There I was standing in the hall on my knees with a bull whip coiled in my hand. When I noticed the spectacle I was making of myself, I ran back to my room and closed the door.

"A little later the manager of the hotel called me on the phone and wanted to know what had happened. When I told him, he suggested calling the police and having the fellow arrested. But I figured the fellow had learned his lesson and decided against it. And would you believe it? That very same fellow kept coming to the club to watch my act, but he never came any more than he and always kept a good distance away from me—and my whip."

Delaney was born in Washington, D. C., in 1908. After attending American High School in Washington, she took a job in a bank as a sixth night's operator. It's a party one night she met a theatrical agent. The next day the agent called her at the bank and asked her to drop out and go on tour where she had a chance.

"I thought maybe he wanted me to be a singer," Delaney recalls, "so I had going to the party where we met. But when I went over to see him he and he wanted me to be a stripper. I had no thanks and started for the door. But when he mentioned how much money I could make stripping and when I thought of the pennies I was making at the bank, I reconsidered his proposition and finally said okay. I'm certainly not sorry about that decision now. I probably made more money in my first year as a stripper than I would have made in ten years working at that bank."

Delaney made her debut as a stripper at the age of 19 at Mervyn's Show Bar in Baltimore. She had taken a few ballet lessons as a youngster and a course in modern dancing at high school, and this training aided her greatly in making the transition from rock reporter operator to stripper.

"I got my training in the art of strip-teasing at Mervyn's," says Delaney. "I started out with a three-minute act, and I stayed there for a year and a half."

Delaney took a three-month rest after her first brief encounter with the entertainment world. During this period she almost decided to check stripping but turned to bookkeeping. Fortunately her club owner, devoted of the only boss and Delaney's back account, however, she didn't go through with it and returned to the peeling profession.

Six months later the girl with the 32 1/2 D's dimensions went to Florida for a vacation and met with misadventure. While relaxing at a beach the telephone one day, she tripped, crashed into some furniture, and broke her





him, but he's taking care to make a single—to an extent—round of his last before, or working up one of his many phrases.

Then having done to keep before the headlights marched their way up to the latter years of the partnership. There were numerous times when Jerry showed for more appearances and Dean held out for more.

"Ten years ago I make up and realized that I was old," Jerry says quickly, "there was no time to waste. I felt that we were not developing the way we should, by his watching a lake of some double twin and the Fox movies, he 20 years it was my dream to play the Palace in New York. I must have asked them a 100,000 times to play the Palace. He only thought it was stupid and he let out like 5-10 years."

Needless to say, Jerry knew the angle, he achieved his lifetime ambition about appearing at the Palace, along with night club appearances, television appearances, book performances, and the works. "I love to work," he adds.

Jerry has a secret weapon that he counts on immediately in his new and fiery career: himself. He—the family. With Pat and the three boys are an integral part of the Lewis road show. The master plans call for them to join him on the night club circuit when ever school permits. Jerry is a strict parent who demands respect above everything else from his children. "They can avoid just as

long as they make themselves," he says. When the interview commences the 12-year-old Jerry, slightly high, adds good, he replied "What do you think this will be about?"

There is the heart with the most tongue in which Jerry is particularly everything Jerry does or says. In talking of his most ship he says, "I met Pat on Aug. 20, 1949. On the 20th, I asked her to marry me. I don't feel excited, the thought that I was not. I worked very hard and I told her that I would be at the Club in 1952 making a lot of money, will something like that money she's a real fan and a real girl."

As to why these boys, whose ages range from 12 to one, "you couldn't find a happier bunch of kids," according to Jerry. He discusses all the details of growing from one hotel to another with the kids by saying, "They love to be observed very much."

If Jerry has any deep down aim in this world, it is to be working his best of it all time. He is subtle when he talks of other entertainers who choose to take a day some of the time. "I'd like to straighten out some of these people. They ought to stay in the business or get out."

For Jerry, the future is filled to the brim with such success, television, records, night clubs, and book performances. "I don't think I can ever stop when the people ask me to. I'll probably do on the stage. I certainly won't be a mere old actor!"

and Jerry, his friend, shared the last before he left.

The family of six (including one still child) growing into a more sophisticated group, the old and the new, in the last few days of their stay in the Bronx. Club in his home. He's not a happy producer one of the most things that came the day of the Bronx, the Bronx also gave him plenty for that night—by closing a heavy roughneck named E. F. Puffy. I don't think that's named for Edward Shaw? I high to stage a cheap card man named Camp, Puffy had as material on the system explained and the upper club continues passed into the Bronx, only too glad to pick up the old checks in order to have Puffy and Camp make dirty work.

Puffy, who once has turned responsible by virtue of having appeared in "Cory and Sully" had more than the Bronx Symphony and played a role a success for himself and the club by telling us otherwise than played the prime picture. He returned to himself as the only act to show business with a look.

Partly because of policy considerations, but mostly because of the majority of tourists simply ignored over the years, the new world music scene of Greenwich Village might be gradually passed on, and can be seen today only in a refined spot, when are left for the most part, are scenes of interest—some live, some old and old. The scene of the word or even in the way they come of the word. But new scenes keep appearing, trying hard to be both.

"Class" clubs—meeting spots where one meets with evening dress and pay high tariffs to sip champagne and watch shows. These ballroom dances—rarely made the grade at any time here, obviously because people out on the town invariably thought of the Village as offbeat.

The Village Vanguard, a cozy, well off club which introduced a large share of the most new business activities, is still around and doing well but, like the Fido Avenue and Sun Set, it is an "optional" group which only happens to be located downtown. The Society, which also brought a batch of unknown names, singers and dancers to its stage and turned them into headliners, ran the last to come from class into to party, and last year started a policy of anti-tickets, by attractive arrangements, with some of the study, baroque baroque, it has played Evelyn West, Lily Chavkin, Sherry Brine and Walter Gertel to good local advantage.

Today, along with these colorful local music, there are three major group concerns in Greenwich Village: (1) jazz (2) "beat" and a more production-oriented quality than in the past and (3) stage.

Upper Manhattan has many parties which the devoted fan won't miss—Belfrage at 10 Broadway, Jimmy Ryan's at 124 St. and The Redden at 100 E. 10th—but the Village, in putting on an eye quite fairly close together, has become New York's jazz center.

The most famous, and most respected, is at the Kennedy, in Eddie Condon's at 215 Avenue and 10th Street (it used to be the site for the Hardy Club). A good deal more here



## greenwich village

(continued from page 11)

this protest resulted in making his show appear for "laughter" to make the chore description was first and a lot more during than he compared to across the street.

Money was spent heavily on costumes and costumes and for a time it seemed impossible to give a Village club that didn't feature drugs. Male messengers of convenience openly propositioned lively looking men customers from the stage to the point where the customer's wife or girl friend would come on brown. Degenerates dressed in thousand dollar gowns ruled the Village night life (and for a long period of intense drama

stance which couldn't have been the case if comedian thrill members had't supported their showmen by paying the enormous tabs).

As a less expensive adjunct to such exhibitions, the club streets were patrolled with men which seemed exclusively to indicate, homosexual, and to "straight" who after a few money-making looks of last house wanted to be introduced in the last one club for at least an evening. Police raids were infrequent; the attitude appeared to be that such fun and games were necessary evils among the Bohemian set

whoozing in several style than all the other spots in the area, Golden's plays Chicago style, a happy combination of Bluebelly Rock's, across the street, plus a Cleveland gang authenticity, a little closer to the top. The Club Balthazar on Sunset Street offers strictly modern jazz, and the new Fiat (where the old Fiat Club once stood) is open on week ends with rock music, modern, experimental jazz and the Balthazar. All the dance or no modern music clubs downtown these last are considered the first ones.

Although drag shows still remain something close to a major industry in the Village they've made a great switch in operation from the 50s when a gaggle-wild crowd was in danger of having his virtue ripped from him then and there if he so much as glanced at the strange creature standing next to him at the bar.

Three nights, twice each in Moroccan Village, The 42 Club, and Page 3 (all easily accessible) which operates as afterglow grand pretenders are becoming almost dogmatic in approach. Their shows are extensively produced and in no way do they encourage or cater to sexual degeneracy or emotional retreat, as such. The 42, for instance, which boasts gorgeously costumed showgirls in both Spanish improvisation, pin-stripe full-frontal medieval dresses and operatic from 625-630-446,000 are available about the same time there.

The dozens of semi-dressed strippers will find their homebase in Boulevard in the Village 7 miles a week, mostly from 10 P.M. on. There are others, several good ones, most at dawn in the vicinity of 42nd Street.

One strippers' drag shows act as all from the strippers next to it in one, drag and more. The clubs are small and intimate, but it's the first night about 14, the average title maximum is \$4.50, and M.C.'s with a chunky gaze are sandwiched on between an audience, almost all drinkers in a policy a continuous environment. But the most creative is worth a visit for those interested in a change of another day's complexion.

Stripping at a night life experience is hardly new to Greenwich Village. It began ten years ago when the bar became more and more obvious that a bar was being made based on it strong up an 42nd Street and why wouldn't the village clubs, which were jumping along with their shows that featured several top dancers and wonderful costumes try to come of this style?

There did with success. The French is played George S. Stern, and other spots opened with a name of their own. Later's 42nd Street Club found good musicians along with the strip, and Club Balthazar had the nation with Peggy's perfect wife, while the lingerie houses to be very therefore stopped her and eventually Representative of the top scene currently is Tony Pina's and The Blue Room, where Peggy's French, Miss Mary Corrie Finnell, Lily Lannet and Lynn O'Neill are usually in hand. What prevents the biggest attraction in turning the Village's great and long record is that at least three top names in the underground society can be seen somewhere on the street on the same night.

Twenty years ago Greenwich Village was simply a strip in a little before midnight and ended somewhere between seven and nine the next morning. Night life declined when a producer (the money was lost during and

or confusion didn't know the meaning of) worked at cabarets. Shortly after this Marshall Beckwith returned in a club-dressed look called Gonzo's Mountain on 10th to be met at all Gonzo's dancing one another made up many a cabaret's one reinforced their show. Dances, all liquor were drunk, and nobody had a hangover because everybody's here was in the studio condition as Greenwich Village in the 30s and early 40s was always going to be 24 hours old.

Remnants of the wild early life are still in evidence, and you can still have a night's fun for two dollars (three for husbands who remember the Village as its most unadorned) and agree that its atmosphere of sex has had a lot of progress.



**evelyn west**

(Continued from page 44)

are again as strong old as last. One of the top names in the bar—has walked up the middle aisle for, times at the last night. She's not what we call an old ball. She's more like the kind of publicity that showed her grabbing other women's hands and driving them to roadside movie the apparently think that the sex of most money in the greatest thing in the world, or the wouldn't have made the top so often. But she wouldn't make a work.

She'll probably try a again. I hope the next one takes. But I have no doubt. The chances of success are about as good as the chances of having another home after a night on the Las Vegas strip.

Here are a few reasons why:

(1) Because a girl takes her clothes off for a living, the most understanding husband in going to start screaming the way his wife looks when his money enters her places in them. A married man enjoys having his wife dressed by other men, but usually the her great face, her intelligence and her sense of humor.

(2) Because when he tries to tell her and himself, he rarely means it. This admission to include his undoubted lady. Maybe he's a bit a point, too, a wife's intelligence might be the most important source of privacy in a marriage.

(3) The most sophisticated husband on earth is bound to want something, his head in one when his stripping wife receives adoration, room perfume, extreme lingerie, diamonds, new watches and make them

more of the winning love. The woman who could look make and diamonds should naturally see her preparation the best thing in the morning. But just as naturally, her husband isn't going to be able to fully accept with any the simple explanation, "It's not part of the life. Why, if I thought for a second that the man who was the most married and most made and all these black, white, transparent neckties appeared any thing in return, you know I'd want to be a million times dead than I don't pay."

(4) Because there is absolutely no proof that she's doing anything to make the girls besides pleasing some well-heeled guy with her performance on the stage, her husband would be a great thing if he didn't at least play with expensive ideas. And can you come up with a better case for trouble than the existence of the great red necktie?

(5) If a stripper has the publicity, the body, the brains and the brains, she can make up to \$5000 a week just by showing her best to willing spectators. Nobody will deny that, then can pay off the mortgage on the old house and keep everybody in the world happy—except possibly the lady who just can't compete.

I'll give in a little and admit that if she accepts a strip from Queens J. Moneybags from Lumbia, a happy ending is a lot more possible. But how many men can that kind of money? Understand I'm not getting the gold-digger wrong as strippers. Many of them, and probably too many of them, really are where earnings are small. I'm not suggesting that it is either right or wrong, good or bad, but it happens. A lady who can her earnings had also a group (even so) to her way to being outside to her brother. And when good can come out of a marriage in which a man feels no bigger than his wife's earnings?

Although I don't believe that men are the most winning, and in good a doubt, the best conditions in the history of the world, and I wouldn't want them changed for anything, I have one small complaint. They are too much or bombarded as they pretend to be. The more female lingerie and underwear they talk, the more old lingerie they are when the stage are down and they're expected to share three new colors in the living room (though she loves them).

When they say, "I wouldn't let my husband or my sister to make at the time when they just put on the street or when they are in restaurants," they are really confessing, "You've already told us that I'm your guy. If you're not creep about me, then why don't you say so?"

When they say, "It doesn't matter at all to me that you make so much more dough than I do. After all, you deserve every penny of it," they're really saying, "I'm not anything like," "I'm not like, I never could have in more than 5,000 times a year, to share a work."

Maybe all this sounds as though I think there's just no such thing as the right man for a stripper, or that I'm really choosing about what men in making a great man. Actually, like every girl, I want love and to be loved. I'm not throwing stones at any married couples. The marriage vows are as important to a dancer as to a businessman. All I'm suggesting is that the girl who gets a lady partner by getting down to the bare essentials (clothing) by in the preacher,

business she'll have a tough time finding his flight to fly them with her.

By now you may have guessed one of my points (figuratively speaking, of course) that a good husband is hard to find—a good husband being a man who can make a living, who can keep most of his wife about him as he watches other men watching her while take her clothes off, and who can be man enough to agree to take sexual hitting in her wife's house (and who everything else he'd probably have to be a combination master, therapist, criminal lawyer, chain drink, and all-around owner of the last ounce of human in town. He'll need the last, most of all, to put up with this usually honest, always-on-the-go like a wing and a half.

Stories which pop up from time to time prove that the average American girl, at least she has a pretty face, good figure and/or comes complete with a bulging bank account, always has to have the heads of trailing down a man who will stop long enough to marry her. Every one of these stories tells that it girl in show business, especially any kind of show business, never has to worry about where her next meal is coming from. Prospects appear almost every hour on the hour, some of them proposals of marriage. A cynic might have called many things, but she's never been called a lion who needs to go man hunting.

Now, one of the most popular puffs our nation gets that prefers to stay on married business single bloodlines gives them more room in which to live from head to tail with any entertaining man who crosses their path. I don't think that to some extent she is true; being a part of the business of sex all day long, most women do get extra credit because they probably get the idea that when they're selling an idea might be in to share for real, off stage. But, unless they're the very best, and what's her two sides, I think that such women are pretty much in the minority. Strippers enjoy their life, just like anyone else, but they're just a realization about the fate of life as everyone else, too.

The question is how can a stripper, who does more involving than all the freedoms of Show go together, meet and get to know one man long enough to see him up at a possible husband? He'll all ready for the double ring ceremony, yes, but when show her? Unless she can judge with an eighth sense that he's all the perfect things listed above, where is she going to find the time to leave him well enough to conduct even a casual love affair, let alone a marriage?

Until I have the answer to this question, I'll stand by the familiar rule: it's better to keep a million men happy than to keep one man worried. \*

## HIT STRIPPER JULIE GIBSON STILL REALITY IS A MISS

JULIE GIBSON, ex-soubrette, cotillion of two, became who personally stars in *The Wedge* in Philadelphia as "The Beautiful Bride" is well really a miss, her marriage, Buddy Crutcher and Al McCarthy, also stars of the club, announced recently.

Sometimes, they said, the experience has gotten around that Julie is married, and to one of them. This is not true.



## rosemary clooney

(Continued from page 22)

her favorite color. When asked what to do about the situation, she said:

"But I feel better and I think I may better when I was what," Rosemary protested.

She showed up in white. Rosemary shook her head and took note that she would look and that white costume with comments that Rose resembled a "very beautiful Christmas angel" (comment that her singing was so good that the production people began the way she looked).

It's an old Clooney trick, making people forget anything but that she is singing. A right club owner in New York reported that he never wanted her to appear at his club.

"I love money," he explained. "While she's singing, no one plays the piano machine."

Even though Rose knew to do things her way, she's willing to let her husband to handle Rose more than ever. While she was making her second movie, "Red Garters," Devlin came on the set and noticed that Clooney was talking back, usually, making people for her. Marlene took her for a walk, gave her some sound advice based on good experience and ran over the scene with her once or twice. Rose returned and did the scene admirably.

"She has a working quiver," Devlin says. "She's smart, sure, efficient, but still full of life."

Of Marlene, Rose comments: "A most remarkable woman. She's been awfully kind to me. She's interested in all I do—personally or in business."

The celebrated education notwithstanding, Clooney, often called in the "wilderness" type, is well aware that she will never run as a Devlin. The comment: "With what I've got to work with, as a former lady, I'm done."

Rose got a lovely break down in up getting her own physical state culturally when she was a comedian and single on audition for a Bob Hope show. A representative of Hope—the brother, Jack, at last—was in command to select pretty girls who could sing and walked in for a chance to appear with the famed comedian. Rose and Rose were doing a comic act. But once only one woman would be in love, they decided to split up and enter the comedy. Rose married Jack Hope in an office building and explained: "My sister and I have always run together. But, for your comfort, we wondered if we could audition separately."

Jack Hope took an approving look at Rose and replied: "You'll get a lot further in a career and than you will alone."

Yet, today, Bob Hope with whom Rose has worked several times (she didn't even bother making the Communist audition process like an "A" girl, girl, fresh as a lemon) Hope says: "I don't get that 'loopy and water back' and that he's enjoyed working with her."

When she first hit Hollywood, a place where the dollar to blow your own trumpet, came heavily, Rose seemingly had a complete lack of physical attributes. When interviewers asked her if she considered her and glamorous she'd reply: "Oh, no. Not very." That, she's answered, was a mistake.

"I'm using different notes now," she says. "If anyone says 'you're a doll, by golly, I agree with them.'"

When she first met the Old Comedy—a tradition of a long running down her feet—Rose Clooney struck her luck like a real amateur. Rose was working on the Paramount lot and spent three months working in "You can't" but did. The great adventure unfolded when she met a friend of her, Bing, riding a bicycle. The friend introduced them and Rose promptly went to Paris. She actually lost her breath, approached colleagues when Cindy greeted her with "Hi, Glad to see you like the way you sing."

To Bing's question, Rose gave a short, beautiful answer, generally presented a picture of very confidence, she left like she was being "introduced to an audience."

The husband finally fell off on his knees.

"He looked back over his shoulder," Rose says. "I could just hear him thinking—'wow.'"

The relationship speaks for Clooney's eagerness for arrival day. But when she remembered Clooney said, she was so concerned of her husband and determined to correct the first impression.

"I want to explain to you what happened the other day," she began, without any preliminaries. "I'm not a comedian. I was terribly thrilled at meeting you—that's all I hope you understood and I hope to see you around sometime."

Then she had Cindy greeted and he knew her close friend ever more.

When Rose looks in the eye appeal department in more than made up for by what has been called her "amateur charm," introduction, shyness and her awkwardness. The later advice comes to light in her work on movies even more than in those in her performance in front of a table.

Edward Norman Younger speaks for most of the lullapies on the Paramount lot when he says: "We think we've got a real find in Rosemary. She has a personality that quiver. She's an easy, relaxed performer."

Younger worked with Clooney on "The Stars Are Singing" and "Red Garters." "The Stars Are Singing" and "White Christmas."

Younger, who produced "The Stars Are Singing" always with Rose "MacGrady." He thinks she has a gold mine in her offhand casual approach. "If anyone makes her to act, he will be performing a great disservice." Adams says: "She has a wonderfully expressive face. But a definitely the pleasure—merely photographed the way it is."

Richard Jean Ferry, who can hear more

what a 2-dimensional life was as both writer and publisher was "shocked" when he saw *Charmy*, but didn't like it. "I was disappointed that a girl who had never used *Life* could be that good the first time out."

Furter, who lived with *Charmy* when he was making a personal appearance and her "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the fall of 1958, "not long running with *Blue*" said he fell in love with her. He says she has outstanding interpretive talent. He was good enough to "bring without notes" anyway, says that people who depend on technique in singing, rather than on sincerity, don't make the best actors or singers. Furter notes the outstanding work of leaders in "Here To Stay" and "Candy in Country Girl" as examples of his point of view.

An important point in *Blue*'s scheme of things is a good friend and big dance coach, Ben Allen. Ben Allen is an old cat who once *Charmy* works. She and *Blue* have perfected a signal system. When Ben Allen thinks *Blue*'s hands or feet are getting in the way of effectiveness, she knows. *Blue* acknowledges he makes mistakes then to leave the dancer to run "fast," so she can begin all over. She calls Ben Allen a "perfectionist."

One person who is less than enthusiastic about the way Hollywood is handling *Charmy* is Mark Miller. Which can be very funny. He says her film "stink."

"There's not a lot going on any of them," he comments. And it's simply because they don't know what to do with *Charmy*.

Ironically, the last recording of "Come On a My Blues," produced a record that sold between "Milk Milk" the same time. It had the help of Columbia's great department. Thinking that she was singing against time and fortune, *Blue* gave "Milk a hand" one when he started that she cut the tape.

"Mark Miller made me go through that song," *Blue* looks back. "I now have been going through a song when I thought I could only sing behind. It wasn't that I doubted the song. I just couldn't believe it was right for me."

Miller, who has teamed up two years with Columbia in selecting songs, singers, musical acts and arrangements since the number was made for *Charmy*. He proved his power when the recording sold more than a million copies.

Miller first encountered and approved the *Charmy* talent when he heard one of her live recordings, "Gimme For You." His comment "Nice sounds" has left her that "depth and tone." Shortly thereafter, Miller, who was with Mercury and had just announced Frankie Laine and his "Milk Time" to many hits, says and does in something like this with a girl named Patsy. "I need two who can deliver what I need to Columbia. He took a look at the first album. *Blue* *Charmy*'s contract and comment. "We'll better have a new one down up or I won't be able to get any work out of you."

Miller's attitude gave her back to him "even before we started working together," she, *Charmy* says.

He signed thousands of dollars in his experiment with *Charmy* and *Blue* before the same recording sales. "I wanted to do something with the comparison between a badly done and the sophisticated eye-woman of the world," Mark explains.

## RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH

# Cafe Continental



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a man of many talents whose mastery of military science was fully matched by his ability in a much less publicized art: cooking. When he was not handing out battle orders, likely as not he was hovering over a hot stove concocting some gourmet delight. One such dish the French emperor threw together at the height of the Battle of Marengo in Italy and it has come down through the years to become a culinary treat. Called Chicken Marengo after the battle (which Napoleon, of course, won after glazing himself), the dish is but one of the finest European specialties featured at Chicago's Cafe Continental by host Dave Foland.

A guest who believes in quantity as well as quality at the dinner table, grand Dave of Berlin's descent offers sumptuous spreads at tables that start at \$3 for a scallopine entrée with all the fix'n's and go up to a \$6 top fix what he calls a Roman Holiday Dinner, something truly formidable served up on a silver platter. The least time to duplicate the old Roman opuses in every respect except the organization.

Not one to follow the precept that man lives by bread alone, Dave feels that soft romantic meals is an aid to the digestive tract and provides a soothing transitional with garlic strimming very un-Frenchish tunes.

Continental atmosphere is the motif of the tastily-decor. A quite reasonable luncheon of a wine cure is associated in one course while another week disappears the brightness of a grape treat.

But basically the food's the thing at the Continental with Dave personally presiding over the cuisine and following the culinary principle he first picked up while cooking at home during the depression years while Papa and Mamma were both at work to keep the household eating regularly. One Continental delight called Veal Arrangée he named after the small Berlin house town of his father. An original with Dave, the dish has another steps and Bremen's theme, topping a veal steak broiled on garlic butter and lemon.

For less gluttonous folk, Dave maintains on the street level an indoor sidewalk cafe: first of its kind in Chicago. Here a dozen different kinds of coffee are served up with goovy French pastries or delicate finger sandwiches. It all adds up to an eatery in truly European style, bound to please appetites no matter how picky or polite. \*



*"I'm afraid I can't give you the key to my heart. Would the key to my apartment do?"*

Starting proof of the Clancy strike, is in various phases of the singing business, is described by a *Blackboard* writer. When history of 1933. The latest part of the story, Miss Clancy caused the destruction of having two Columbia Records burn—on separate managers—among the top ten listed in Harry Magness as favorite of the public. Her bright, sentimental ballad, "Hey, There," maintained top position in the listing for weeks—while "The Old Man," a rollicking rhythm number of equal a close second. "Hey There" has the musical, "Peggy Sue" because the first two from a musical, in sold over a million in only many years than The Paul they could remember. By October 1933 it had topped up a sale of 1,200,000. Road has torn the guitar from the album by a number of "Hall of Fame," through the ball transfer half-length, "Buck's 1934," in which she utters the tune of an Indian manna, through an outstanding recording, recently, "Two Dots To Go The Mustard," in which she thoroughly sings pure, offers an almost snappy ball country she in some places, the historic combination of Miss Dinah. Added to the two, January Clancy (such as "Come On & My Heart") and possibly a picture of one of the most exciting talent singers worked on "Come On & My Heart" (discovered by the major label), and, projected Clancy into the future.

There are other demonstrations of the Cheney sensitivity issue he awarded \$1 million for Colombia's children's forced labor.

There is enthusiasm about the past and the future. The consensus is excellent.

"I've convinced them the record industry gives a more honest approach to the recording of children's songs than to any other type," she points out. "In the latter songs, for instance, parents and all kinds of who's-what-ers brought into play. On one of our first recordings, I had to use a tape-recorder and a clock. Then there are the singing games and even so many amoral and such."

She looks a different with friends, but she finds date arrangements aren't enough, she has discovered. DeLeon has to be herself. The reason—children take interest about parents and frustrated when they get more complicated clearly. She's learned too, that you don't patronize or "sing down" to children. They recognize and "sing" back at it.

Reverend for the past years is Miss Chiswick's previous work in that field. But she was up against a headwind, as they

"Children don't buy most women's music. You see, they are so used to being around the heavy metal and hearing their mothers' music. To them this represents discipline. They go for men's music. They are crazy about men."

Bundy's solution to this problem was simple. On her children's records she sang like a man with a lemons voice. It has worked! Her children's records have sold more than a million, her outstanding collection "New Soundbite" which did a thirteenth million.

When Paramount Pictures started *Bonanza* in the film "White Chevrolet" playing live in the vaudeville company of Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye, perhaps the sub-plot in the United States was depicted was a certain Hollywood actor. Marked off La Chocoma's name, later found in the

Young men, big noses and long legs, the narrow-necked flat-topped hats in "an attractive girl," but looking in reflection "pleasurably almost to cause a long stare."

When Miss Glimmer herself read the account, she did a little frown. Naturally, the Kentucky farm squatters can take pleasure or pride in her mischievous words. But this morning, things were normal. In the first place, she was pregnant. In the second place, she read the review sitting opposite author-producer New Feller at breakfast. Rumor-mongers had unfortunately made facts out of the shirazoids. But Feller happened to be the only living man who she wasn't keep-pressed with an dilation of her glances. The husband

Reinold Ferrer came through in the crowd. Leaning across the table and looking full into Rosemary's collapse face, he demanded: "I wish you'd tell me how you got into the latrine but if you're not glamorous enough to attract some sort of love affair."

Greene rates high on even Hollywood's list—not only in the ranks of technicians but among the sparkling personalities of the movie colony. Sharpest criticism they have of her is that she seems to light back when asked. Rong has her own explanation of this:

"Usually when something goes wrong, I try to say nothing until I've cooled down, and then usually I walk my dogs and tell them my troubles or take a shower and let the air in the shower stall do that for a while. If any of these don't I get the trouble out of my system. It does for an effect and to tell people all that is a happy effort not to be a person and think of all the trouble you have to go through to make a movie or magazine." ❄



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himself and his, a lesson in a storm, as the  
city that most explores the spirit and  
heart of Italy.

Two years after the Cuban crisis, the U.S. was in a bind to be enlarged. This was because the U.S. had become the only superpower of the world. The U.S. had become the only superpower of the world. The U.S. had become the only superpower of the world.

Among the latter that have contributed to the Colony's great prosperity, the memory



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## THEATRICAL

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STUMP PAVING—MR. FRONZES

STAGE FOUR—O-STEP-UP

WILEY-INTERSCIENCE, A JOHN WILEY &amp; SONS, INC. PUBLICATION

### MANY OTHER TERRIFIC THINGS

Wolcott, J. A. 1990. *How to write a thesis*. New York: McGraw-Hill.

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7TH Fth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

and in the rich meaning of the law of the whole is nature, with the East and most adaptable aspect of a Western world nature. The 13 pages, those which hold forth in the Calcutta House, danceable, American, and French numbers for the between those dancing on the line, can be done here.

Because the conventional life is both unending and really unworkable, it is "bored" but still inwardly moves. Whenever there is a major loss in the Indian the Caluso is sure to be attended to by the fathers with generosity. The place is open on Sundays, Mondays, and all holidays. Most events are planned so that the majority of them will take place on one of the days when the Caluso is away.

Robert Remondino, skilled carpenter, planned and brought the huge canoe here. He occupies a strange position on the island in that he is not the designer and owner of a line of canoes, might think which competes with Canoe House and the hotel as an integral part of the Hotel Cheltenham. Remondino has succeeded in improving the local canoe and canoeing scene. The place has been damaged. The island was built up by the canoe and more than half the damage is due to one of the most dramatic combinations of nature entered on the whole of the island. Built right into the setting of magnificent houses and Spanish mansions are such of the natural Woods as would they become like a huge hand-drawn, a modern kitchen, and a lightning rod in the hands of the storm in the end of the day. The very Remondino has planned to build up all the necessary, but in an area of the island, the canoe, in a way that they seem to be like a place and the other the lower Woods, and the

This is partly made the most for the whole Chamorro hotel, which also features swimming pool on a palm lined bank. The hotel itself, is typical of the kind of accommodations to be found in Pohnpei mountain suburbs, some five miles from Pohnpei town. The suburb is much cooler than the port town which has become throughout the pages of history a veritable hellhole for sailors of all



## blinstrub's village

(Continued from page 48)

The floor is covered with money laid flat across.

Open from 3 p.m., the Village not only offers a night life refuge for Bostonsians, but serves as a hangout spot for hundreds of early evening partygoers who also patronize the alibi grille and separate cocktail lounge.

Each show at the Village is a miniature Broadway review, going about twice to the agent's office. "First you play Broadway, New York, and then you play Broadway, South Boston," Agents are delighted to look down top acts into the Village, because the work is happy to pay handsomely for their services. He more liberal \$100-\$150 for a week's work, plus \$25,000 for Party Game Man Pazzo's take has not been recorded, but it is reputed to be a generous return.

All of the actors who have played the Village stage have appeared for five lights since any of which could have paid the fee for both the actors that once did battle on the spot.

For all that, however, come to the weekend at Blinstrub's business activity in the largest basement stage. An important part of Stanley Blinstrub's formula on the east end had top of the world's biggest money, the dance area for between \$1 and \$3, and though there is a minimum on weekends, Blinstrub says it is partly to insure that the customers who are turned away aren't kept out by doublets—patrons who come, look, and don't spend.

Part three of the magic formula is the machine like program with which the place is operated. Though grand Stanley is an amateur, he is a strict disciplinarian among the 200 employees who take pride in running the Village.

A handful of them are waitresses, girls who, as Blinstrub says, "could suck and cover one of them take a place in the eleven line any night and no one can stop them."

Two clubs, Masher Kallins and George Stone, provide over the house, rotary red lanterns, where the "man of the" proprietor himself, is likely to be the final meeting of all others during the evening. No extra shows are featured—no comedians in the eastern New England temperance.

"Don't plan more fish and the fish," says Blinstrub, who finds that Stanley—especially those with minimum work—can take in paper money, with as many as 1,000 pounds of uncolored bank passing over the bar and into the treasure of happy diners in one evening.

During the past summer, Blinstrub spent a fortune for improvements in his entry, installing many startling innovations. First and foremost is the new and brilliant lighting system, only electronically controlled setup of its kind in the world, costing \$75,000. Some 252 miles of wiring was used. It's actually possible to paint with light, eliminating all sorts of manual effects for the stage shows and orchestration.

A new circular staircase of steel, glass and wood on two sides, leads from the top stage, backed by a flower glass system. The lower stage gets downed from there, displaying their own curves, while the lights themselves turn costumes and scenery into changes within fractions of seconds.

The musical panel for this lighting system has already attracted attention from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other local schools. By pushing various buttons, the operator of the panel—which does all the thinking—can drive 200 lanes down from six different sets. And there are 10 ways of combining these sets, adding up to thousands of color effects. In the basement, an other level controls 100,000 watts. The dinner alone weighs over 5,000 pounds.

Like Tupper, the Village "not ground." The story of the amazing night club is really the story of its proprietor. Self-proclaimed Stanley could easily be taken for a bank director or the conservative blue serge suit he wears. There is nothing in his appearance that would hint the involvement of the night club he has nurtured through the years.

It all began in 1947 when young Blinstrub decided to set a run down restaurant on the corner of D street and Broadway in South Boston. The Blinstrub clan had settled in Brighton, a suburb of Boston 20 years earlier. In the intervening years, Stanley had done a multitude of things.

"In some ways, it's strange that I landed in this business," under Stanley. "You see, I had done everything to earn a living in my younger days—making, making doughnuts, handling prices, working in a machine shop, as a labor assembler and a writer. Luckily, I managed to save a considerable amount of money, but it all went with the wind in the 1920s stock market crash."

The new restaurant was an immediate success. Stanley and his father, when the young man asked him buying the money for \$10,000, netted \$25,000 the first year. This was a long way to making up the financial loss incurred by the stock market loss. Additionally, the club played a part in the extremely low purchase price. The original owner had offered the place for \$10,000 before the final sale.

"That was in the good old days when a bare sandwich bar had and sold for a night, while a hotel dinner cost two bits," recalled Blinstrub.

The nightclub youth worked 16 hours daily to make a success out of the restaurant, just as he does today. After his father died in 1925, Stanley continued to receive the loans on the building, deciding to transform the meat market into a night club. It was on New York's Bow, 1928, after working for 22

continuous hours, and helping set the last wheels in place at 7 p.m., that he opened the Village for the opening of 1927. The crowd was a surprised 200.

"I started \$100 dollars a piece," says Stanley. "That included a flat magazine dinner, two cocktails and a small bottle of champagne as well as a flat show. The girls came from 10 states."

And the place continued to come from all over the country—coming in such throngs that the Village had to be enlarged again. In 1931, when 150 could be seated at a time. Ten years later, the figure was doubled. The business started a first year company. Then '40 enlargement was the result of a first year project, executed by Stanley's brother and his employees. In the meantime, the Village staged open as its regular schedule. Building was done around it. When completed, the old walls were demolished, revealing the Stage right club as the world's—at present, unaltered.

Harvest in the house. Mary Stanley, his childhood sweetheart, Blinstrub is the proud father of three married daughters and five grandchildren, plus a son, who is studying medicine at Boston University. Stanley is only at his Chestnut Hill house for sleeping peacefully, even working toward the club. Stanley, but his family now lives at the Village, where they often drop in for a snack or a drink.

The secret of the Village has one remaining hidden charity work and helping young Stanley overcome, he often opens his place to "free agents," changing the boys and girls one day for which they see the popular stage show and show, having served well within and with dance, every dollar is turned over to various charitable organizations.

Organized charities take over the Village Stanley meetings, setting up prices donated for admission. Blinstrub doesn't mind the loans, providing full-course dinners and dancing shows for takes toward their playing machines. Last year, he raised \$170,000 for three worthy causes. And on one night, he wouldn't take a man for a \$400-per plate meal that drew 1,500 people, who donated a total of \$155,000 to a church charity.

On one occasion, a priest in a nearby hall loaned 3,000 rubles for the value for a charity offer to be held at the Village.

"But where will we put them?" asked Stanley.

"Oh, I don't think of that," and the priest "Forbes I should pay for me."

And it did, just the capacity of 1700 attending the dinner.

Blinstrub will never forget the time he decided to add a 300-seat night club to his 150-seat restaurant. The friends told him it would prove to be a mistake, but his mother, in a message of his confidence. He was told that his husband was wrong, that the decision was not, that money was not right. The family was so persuaded a Harvard professor to try and make him change his mind.

"Come back in two years and apologize," Blinstrub told the professor.

So the two years passed by, with the professor finally arriving for work.

Optimizing on the philosophy of the late scientist, Arthur Eddington, Stanley believes that "you give the people what you want to see." And that's exactly what his business scheme and to maximize the high-4 night club in New United States, at anywhere.



# glamour gab

By Horton Cooper

**STAGE AND SCREEN STUFF.** Rosalind Barry, recent member of the Lollabrigada School of Acting, has a new kind of inferiority complex. "The only girl a 37" bust," she complains, "no nobody believes I'm Italian" . . . 20th Century Fox has put the pressure on Jayne Mansfield: from now on her busting Out All Over photos must be "more dignified" . . . The dialogue in Tennessee Williams' prize-winning play, "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" is the roughest in years, but none of it got bantered during its Broadway run. Before its Paris premiere, though, the director cut all the words he thought might shock the audience. Result: At The cruise called it dirty, anyway. Result B: The director colored the words put back in . . . Although the filming of "God's Little Acre" hasn't even begun (Robert Ryan will star) censor groups are already insisting they'll fight to have it banned. Suggested name for them: God's Little Acre. . . Anita Ekberg is hot stuff here, but the British press refers to her as The Bare With A Bust. (We don't get bored so easily.) What tell they are her as a stripper in her new Becker, "The Swimming Man" . . . This isn't an eye chart, but a listing of current movies. "Bull," "Zerk," "Huk," "Drango," "Garcen," "Ondelaga," and "Chu Chu Boon." . . .

**GRIND AND RUMP RANTER.** Which one's got the phony? Tina Louise, the super-constructed beauty on Broadway's "L'il Abner," plans to sue Tina Turner, the super-endowed performer. Why? . . . Winona Garrett manages to be sexy even when she sits at the N. Y. Spindletop and pulls papers off bush chops. "I'm the kind of business woman," says Winona, "who's sold everything but my body." . . . The robots being and parades of current events, one is now calling herself The Mad Bumper . . . Elton Whistonsome gets everywhere. His East Coast date is pretty pecker Gino Martin, who parks them in at Tony Pastor's in N. Y. Gino does a sautry number that makes Playboy's contraption suitable for church service . . . It shouldn't happen to a stripper, especially a doll like Rose

Lafosse. Rose played The Gypsy on Cincinnati this winter for 3 days while the collar boiler was on the blink. No heat, during below zero weather. Rose had to keep getting down to the bare essentials while her audiences huddled in their leather jackets. A major ordeal, but Rose's act kept the place hot. . . .

**RECORD RUN.** The wise guys are rattling Jerry Lewis' hit record album "Mister Te-Get Even With Dean Martin Esq." (P.S.) Martin needs't worry . . . Robert Sylvester suggests the best way to play a Lawrence Welk record is on a square phonograph . . . Vincent Lopez won't wear lucks after all, he says, because they went him and his band to play for bread and Buddies . . . New album expected to cash in as extended from a tape made three years ago by James Dean on longpas. Complete with Dean and Tie. . . .

**AFTER DARK, BUFT.** Who says the day of fantastic fees for cabaret entertainers is over? Ray Bolger goes into Las Vegas' Sahara in July at \$25,000 a week . . . Jack Benny wears trousers in Vegas to keep away from one club. "The comic can't be any good," says Benny, "because they're paying him a heap \$15,000 a week." . . . Don't worry about Milton Berle's fate. He just broke all records at Martin Berle's plush Eden Roc . . . Nice guy, depts. Not generally known



GINO LOLLABRIGADA

is that Jimmy Durante gave ailing Eddie Jackson a year off with full pay . . . Newest N. Y. entry baritone will be Jackie Gleason. He claims he's got a revolutionary idea for a club, but won't confide it yet. . . . One reason Stephen Tucker stays at the top is that her material stays topical! Her new act includes a Frothy takeoff and a novelty song called "Calypso Mama" . . . Sarah Vaughn, Miss Vaughnderful comes up with the one about the bopper who gets a pint of blood and a shot of morphine after being in an auto accident. "Doc," he cautions, "I don't dig your wine but, man, that cheese is the end!" . . . A sign in a Greenwich Village bar reads "Drink and Be Mary" . . .

**NIGHT NOTES.** Manhattan is now known as The Place Where Night Glows Any 6 Months Long. A lot of the top ones are taking, many of the side street ones are giving up—because of tax troubles and because people are staying home unless the attractions are really big. One current gag goes that a club in Gotham went bankrupt so suddenly last week that the help got locked in . . . Rock 'n' Roll is becoming squarer every day, now that calypso has taken over. The songwriters who used to hang around Tin Pan Alley with sidewalks down to their knees ("to feel the heat") now play it very West Indian by wearing flowered open shirts, straw hats and garter ("to let the moon"). . . . Most kinds of culture may never have a big testimonial dinner for Harold Minsky, but The Ziegfeld of Burlesque won't ever fret. Last year he staged a stupendous pageant in and for the Dominican Republic. This season he introduced his skin-and-ropes shows to the ultra-class night life hot "Minsky Goes To Paris," a full fledged burlesque, with swappers and baggy pants comers, opened in January at The Dunes in Las Vegas, and probably will stay there for months to come. The entire production, served up with Minsky's own profitable recipe of high brow and low down artistry, is a tremendous success there. Star extras are Brandy Martin and Pat Amber Haddock.

# CABARET

